

By and For  
the Soldiers  
of the A. E. F.

# The Stars and Stripes

The Official  
Newspaper  
of the A. E. F.

Here's a page of stuff right from the trenches, assembled by The Review from a recent issue of the above named paper, published "Somewhere in France."

## THE HUNT FOR THE FRONT

A JOURNEY DIRECTED BY NOBODY IN PARTICULAR

Once upon a time there was a man. He might have been a civilian or he might have been a soldier; I don't know and it doesn't matter. Anyway, he landed at a base port in France; he might have come in a transport or he might have come in a banana boat or a box car or a dory; I don't know and it doesn't matter. And the name of the base port might have been Stockholm or Vladivostok or South Bend.

All of that is beside the point and might as well not have been written, but somebody would begin to ask foolish questions if this story began as it should, which is as follows:

Once upon a time there was a man who landed at a base port in France.

"Where's the front?" he asked.

"The front?" echoed the Engineer sergeant—you can't get off at a base port without bumping into an Engineer sergeant, can you?—"the front? Say, you don't suppose we keep it in a box here in town, do you? Go on along up the line and ask."

So the man went on along up the line.

"Where's the front?" he asked.

"The front?" repeated the sergeant in the Q. M. C.—he wasn't a Q. M. sergeant, note; just a sergeant in the Q. M. C.—"the front? We're just out of fronts. Guess you'll have to get along with the one you got. Hold on—maybe they could give you one in Paris."

So the man went on to Paris.

He stayed two nights and a day, and there was an air raid each night, or at least an attempt to hold one, and there were stray shots from *la grosse Bertha* during the day.

"So this is the front?" he remarked, inquiringly.

"Who said it was?" countered the M. P. "You get your travel orders O. K'd and stamped and I'll start you toward the front."

So the man got his travel orders O. K'd. He took a train as far as trains could go and then he walked. He walked many dusty miles.

At last he came to a division headquarters.

"Where is the front?" he asked.

A busy colonel, who was running his fingers over a map as though he were tuning it, jerked his head up toward the northeast.

The man walked many more dusty miles and came to regimental headquarters. On the way somebody shelled him and spoiled a couple of asparagus beds and ripped seven leaves from an apple tree.

"Ah!" said the man to himself, "the front at last!"

"How do you like it here at the front?" he asked.

"Like it?" repeated the doughboy. "I don't know; I ain't been there since Tuesday. You might go on up the line and ask the 2d Battalion. They're in the line finding out whether they like it or not."

It was dark when he reached 2d Battalion headquarters.

"Do you find this a very fronty front?" he asked.

"If you're one of those gophers who are looking for the war," said the major, "you'll have to go on up the line. Our liaison with the Boche is very poor just now, so I can't order a special shelling for your benefit. Glad to have seen you."

"What part of the front is this?" the man asked at company headquarters.

"This is the front part of the buck,"

said the captain. "If you go on up the line a bit you'll run square into the back part of the front. You can't miss it."

The man stumbled over a couple of hundred shell holes and finally got lost in a communicating trench.

"Where's the army?" he asked a sentry.

"Guess they're up at the front," said the sentry. "First turn to the right, then left, then right again, about face and straight ahead. Be careful and don't right oblique at that last turn or you'll wind up in Potsdam."

"This is my first trip to the front," said the man.

"The front?" said the boy on the fire-step. "If you want to go up front you'll have to get permission from the second lieutenant out there in the peep post."

"Are you the lieutenant who shows folks the front?" asked the man.

"I'm a lieutenant," answered the lieutenant, "but I'm not the right guide. I guess the man you want is out with that patrol up front there."

But by this time the man was all tired out, so he curled up in the peep post and went to sleep.

Next morning he snapped out of it and went to look for the patrol. He had an idea that it might be waiting for him.

He stumbled into a trench. There were a lot of one-time Germans in it, but they weren't any good to anybody any more.

"Hoozair?" bellowed a Yank sentry.

"Pardon me," said the man. "I only meant to go as far as the front. I see I've got away past it."

"Past it?" echoed the sentry. "Hell, we romped ahead a couple of kilometres last night. The front is up yonder a piece."

So the man bit the pin off a hand grenade and swallowed it.

### USELESS QUESTIONS

For the sake of efficiency in the army, it is suggested that hereafter all useless questions shall be mentioned only by number.

It is estimated that this will save enough force expended in unnecessary movements of the vocal cords each day to dig 18 1/2 miles of trench six feet deep, or transport 163 doughboys a month from New York to Liverpool.

Thus, one doughboy simply says to another, "No. 37." The proper answer being in each case, "I. D. K.," abbreviated form of "I don't know." The more important useless questions in the A. E. F. follow:

- (1) Say, what day is this, anyway?
- (2) When are we going to get another mail?
- (3) How many troops do you suppose we've got in France?
- (4) Have you heard when we are going to get paid?
- (5) What the devil is the matter with them cooks?
- (6) Who d'ye s'pose designed that monkey-hat?
- (7) Seen anybody with my "Saturday Evening Post"?
- (8) How much do you owe the government?
- (9) Do you know when we're going up the line?
- (10) How much longer do you think this thing'll last?

Others will be published from time to time as occasion requires.

## THE PRIVATE



## A FIELD NOTEBOOK

### THE ONCE OVER

Beauty isn't everything, even when you're soldiering. And a lot of strange equipment will get by at inspection if you have an excuse—always providing the excuse is good enough.

In the case of the — Engineers, Ry., the excuse happened to be good enough—and they certainly had a lot to make excuses for.

The — Engineers have been over here since along last summer. They have transported much ammunition to the front and established a record for running trains close to the line. Although nominally "non-combatant troops," they have, in more than one emergency, taken guns and given Fritz a little entertainment. It was after such an occasion that an American major general inspected one battalion of the regiment.

The Engineers had been attached, at different times, to both the French and the British, and during these periods of service had replenished from the Q. M.'s of these armies the American wardrobe and outfit they started with. This had been augmented with articles gathered promiscuously, and without apparent favoritism, from French colonial troops, Portuguese and Chinese.

When they lined up for the inspection some had American sombreros or steel helmets, and others wore French and English headgear of various types. There were men with leather puttees, men with spirals, men with canvas leggings and men with no leggings.

One corporal sported a pair of rubber boots. They were just as variegated as to breeches and blouses and even arms. One man's total armament consisted of a machete donated by a Moroccan.

The general alighted from his automobile for the inspection, and after one glance at the troops restrained, with obvious difficulty, some kind of strange emotion. He gathered himself together, however, and made his tour of the ranks, pausing just once before a tall private dressed in the contributions of four armies, with a French rifle, minus a breech bolt, held at port.

"Can't shoot Germans with that," said the major general.

"No, sir," agreed the private, "but you can harpoon 'em."

After the inspection the major general made a little speech. It was about as follows:

"I want to compliment you men on what you have done. From all I hear, you have been doing wonderful work,

work beyond mere verbal praise. But I want to say that there hasn't been a stranger looking battalion of soldiers since Villa's Bandits."

Since then the — Engineers, Ry., have been known as Villa's Bandits.

### PRECIOUS SCARS

We were sitting in the inn courtyard of the Pink Owl in Beaulieu.

"Some day," my friend observed, "the scars on these walls will be of real commercial value."

"Why?"

"Because tourists from America will flock here; some of them ex-A. E. F. men, some of them the folks back home who now so eagerly are poring over the war news. The Pink Owl has nineteen scars, disfigurements now, but after the war every one of them will do its bit to attract the attention and the trade of the romantic-minded tourist."

Sounds highly probable, doesn't it?

### OLD AND NEW STYLES

In camp back home: Sir, I have the first sergeant's permission to speak to the captain.

In billets over here: Sir, the Top told me I could speak to you about this here.

In the trenches: Say, captain—

## The Army's Poets

### THE TANK

Oh, she's nothin' sweet to look at an' no symphony to hear;  
She ain't no pome of beauty, that's a cinch—  
She howls like Holy Jumpin' when a feller shifts a gear,  
But she's sure a lovey-dovey in a pinch.  
Just head her straight for Berlin and no matter what the road,  
Or whether it's just trenches, trees and mud,  
And I'll guarantee she'll get there with her precious human load  
And her treads a drippin' red with German blood.  
Oh, you tank! tank! tank!  
She's a pippin, she's a daisy, she's a dream!

Where the star shells are a-lightin' up the thickest of the fightin',  
She'll be sailin' like a demon through the gleam.

If the way is rough and stony and the vantage point is far,  
Just slip her into high and hang on tight,  
Shove your foot down on the throttle and to hell with all the jar—  
She'll take you clean from here to out of sight.  
Course you've got to clean and scrub her same as any piece of tin  
That's worth the smoke to blow her up the flue;  
But just whisper to her gently, pat her back and yell "Giddap!"  
And there ain't a thing she wouldn't do for you.

Oh, you tank! tank! tank!  
She's a Lulu, she's a cuckoo! She's the goods!

When the Boches see you comin' they will set the air to hummin'  
A-wavin' of their legs to reach the woods.

When the last great rush is over and the last grim trench is past,  
She will roll in high right through old Berlin town,  
Her grim old sides a shakin' and her inner-nerds raisin' hob,  
Intent on runnin' Kaiser William down.  
Then she'll find him and we'll bind him to her grindin', tearin' treads,  
And we'll start her rollin' on the road to hell—  
Shove her into high and leave her, tie her bloomin' throttle down;  
We'll say she's lived her life and lived it well.

Oh, you tank! tank! tank!  
She's a devil! She's a dandy!  
She's sublime!  
When her grimy hide goes hurlin' through the dirty streets of Berlin  
Watch the goose step change to Yankee double time!  
Sgt. RICHARD C. COLBURN,  
Tank Corps.

### TOUJOURS LE MEME

No matter how wise or how foolish  
The company's cook may be,  
When down at the table we're seated,  
Two things we all plainly can see;  
When we look at the chow,  
There's the bosom of sow,  
And beans—beans—beans.

If quartered in city or country,  
The cook never misses his aim;  
If messing in swamp or on mountain,  
Two things will remain quite the same;  
Though it may cause a row,

We get bosom of sow,  
And beans—beans—beans.

When tasks for the day are all ended,  
And weary are body and brain,  
Small matter it makes if we're eating  
Indoors or outside in the rain,  
The cook makes his bow  
With the bosom of sow,  
And beans—beans—beans.

Of all that I've learned in the army,  
This fact I am sure I know well—  
And others are certain to tell you—  
The soldier's worst picture of hell  
Is thrice daily chow  
With the bosom of sow,  
And beans—beans—beans.  
Corp. VANCE C. CRISS, Engrs.

### SONG OF THE CENSOR MAN

Oh, I am the man with a mightier pen  
Than the chisel the lawgiver knew;  
The snip of my shears is more dreaded of men  
Than the sword that Napoleon drew.  
I foil the young man with a nose for the news,  
And I stifle the first feeble note  
Of the soldier who ventures to air any views  
That he never was paid to promote.

Oh, it's snip, snip, snip is the rhythmic swing  
Of my shears in the morning light,  
And clip, clip, clip is the raucous ring  
Of their voice in the starry night.  
I may strike from the calendar all of its dates,  
And I rob every town of its name,  
And rarely a letter but sadly relates  
The tale of my terrible fame.

Oh, I know all the secrets that ever were told,  
Till every unfortunate prays  
That the book of omnipotent knowledge  
I hold

May be sealed to the end of my days.  
On each written syllable proudly I state,  
I pronounce benediction or ban;  
For I'm the personification of Fate—  
The redoubtable Censor Man!  
JOHN FLETCHER HALL,  
Sgt., Acting Chaplain, Inf.

### CROSSES

Each life must have its crosses,  
And a soldier gets his share,  
From a trip across the ocean  
To the envied Croix de Guerre.

There are crosses by the Censor,  
Far too many, so it seems;  
There are crosses in the letters  
From the girlie of his dreams.

There's a cross that's worn by heroes  
Who have faced a storm of lead;  
There's a cross when he is wounded,  
There's a cross when he is dead.

There's an iron cross awarded  
For murder and for rape;  
It's the emblem of the devil,  
It's the cross of sin and hate.

There's the little cross of Mercy  
That very few may own;  
For a soldier it is second  
To the cross of God alone.

It's a cross that's worn by women—  
When we see it we believe  
We can recognize an angel  
By the Red Cross on her sleeve.  
—Pvt. Harry H., St. Louis, U. S. M. C.

## BOMB, SHELL AND SHRAPNEL



AFTER THE EXPLOSION



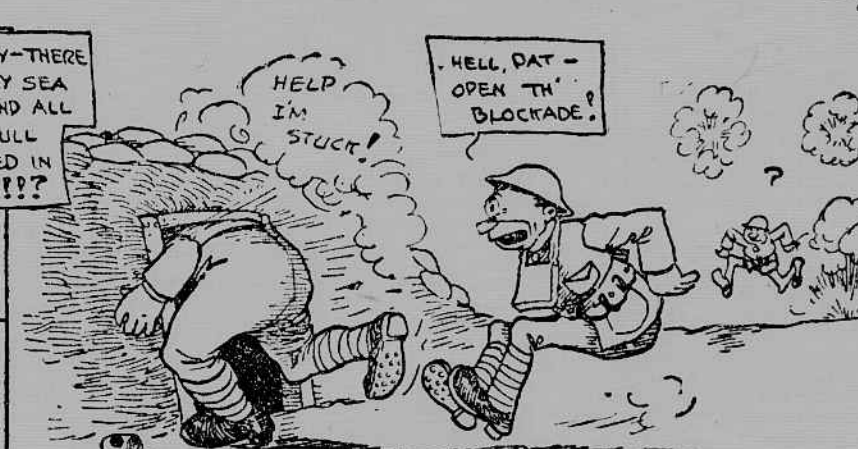
SHELL DEFLECTING—A GOOD THING FOR A MAN WITH A QUICK EYE



A TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE



A GOOD COMBINATION, BASEBALL-BOOMERANG :—BUSINESS AND PLEASURE



IF YOU SEE A FAT MAN DASHING FOR A DUGOUT, IT IS ADVISABLE NOT TO CHOOSE THE SAME DUGOUT, FOR CERTAIN OBVIOUS REASONS



WHEN THE LARGE CHUNK OF BEEF LARRY FOUND IN HIS SLUM TURNED OUT TO BE A BIT OF SHRAPNEL



NEVER STOP A SHELL WITH YOUR HANDS UNLESS YOUR FEET ARE SECURELY CLAMPED TO SOME STATIONARY OBJECT—OTHERWISE YOU WILL ACCOMPANY THE SHELL WITH SUDDEN AND SPONTANEOUS RAPIDITY, IN A DIRECTION CONTRARY TO YOUR WISHES; AND AS THIS HAS SOME APPEARANCES OF RETREATING IT IS CONSIDERED VERY BAD FORM

—By WALLGREN